

Bread Making Viking

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Summary: There's a reason Hiccup asked if he could be a bread making Viking instead of a dragon killing one. HTTYD2 spoilers!

Bread Making Viking

Lots of dragons have asked Toothless what the most surprising thing about Hiccup is. Sure, his uncanny faith in dragons is unusual, but so is being a toothpick in a village of barrels. Some thought it might be his ability to sew, but, well, someone had to make Toothless's saddle before the battle with the Fallen Queen, and it really couldn't have been anyone but Hiccup at that point. Cooking wasn't really that much of a stretch, either, really, with the amount of times the two had eaten meals together. (The only thing surprising about that was that humans needed to cook their food, but when Toothless thought about it, it made sense. Humans didn't have inner fires to cook their food while it rested inside them.)

The most surprising thing Toothless found about Hiccup was his ability to bake.

Now, for those of you who think that there isn't much difference between cooking and baking, I sincerely hope you learn soon, because no, they really aren't. Cooking is imprecise in its measurements. You look at the food to make sure it's done, rather than counting minutes. If you like your food spicy you add more spice, regardless of the recipe. You can't do that with baking. It's exact, always two cups this or quarter cup that or one liter of this other thing and a stick of cinnamon. The recipe is law, and if you don't follow it, you end up with cake that's burnt on one side and three times the size it really should be on the other.

Hiccup was a bit disaster prone in just about... everything. Several of those burns weren't from the forge or bursts of draconic happiness, but rather pots and pans whilst cooking. Those pinprick

scars on his fingertips you could only find if you really, really looked, along with a long, needle-thin one down his right leg—well, the thimbles covered his entire hand and he accidentally dropped a needle point first.

But strangely enough, no accidents had happened to Hiccup while he was baking whenever Toothless was watching. Not because the dragon interfered; rather, the boy seemed to develop a certain grace about him as he danced around the counter and the fire, baking regular bread and sweet bread and cookies. And, occasionally, dragon treats. Most dragons had a bit of a sweet tooth, mostly due to the fact that sugar sweet was rare up North. Fruits were pale in comparison to the cookie-like treats Hiccup made. Astrid had her suspicions that smelling of the treats was what made the large, fire-breathing (for the most part) reptiles act like overgrown puppies before him.

Hiccup laughed at the theory, prancing about his house. "Maybe!" he called, grinning. His usual snark and smirk were put to the side, and honest happiness flowed through him. There was a reason he asked if he could be a bread-making-Viking! It felt almost as good as flying with Toothless or one of his inventions working the way it should.

Astrid grinned at the enthusiasm the boy showed as his feet, both metal and flesh, moved about with uncanny precision as opposed to their usual clumsiness. It was as if the chief's son was dancing around his home, placing ingredients in a bowl and mixing and a sweet scent emerging from the fire. Hiccup even tossed Toothless some treats, the dragon snatching them out of midair and purring in thanks.

He even pulled Astrid in, catching her by surprise as he dragged her off the wall by her hands and started actually dancing with her. She stood around, not really knowing what to do, until Hiccup grinned at her and lead her around, showing her how to make the bread without using any words.

Toothless hummed. It was a melody she didn't recognize, and she didn't know if it came from dragon society or if it was just some notes Toothless put together. Whatever it was, Hiccup was moving himself and Astrid to it as if it were one of the traditional songs.

Astrid laughed and let herself be lead around. No one needed to know about this moment except Hiccup, Toothless, and herself.

Fast forward a few years. New saddles for the dragons and clothes for the riders, Hiccup finally picking up and making a weapon, finding long-lost family members and losing ones that there wasn't enough time with, of dragons and war and loyalty and reconciliation.

Fast forward through love and loss and life and find ourselves in the Haddock household once more.

Hiccup's making bread again, the same old grace returning as he went through the motions. It had been too long since he last baked, and although he was chief now, he figured the village could wait while he made some bread.

Toothless swayed his head back and forth, watching his rider and recognizing the movements. He began to hum, though this time, Hiccup was able to identify the melody. The song was burned into his memory, a time of happiness and completion that was shortly ripped away, thus making it that much more worth remembering.

"_I'll swim and sail on savage seas, with ne'er a fear of drowning. And gladly ride the waves of life if you would marry me. No scorching sun nor freezing cold will stop me on my journey, if you would promise me your heartâ€¦|_"

"_And love me for eternityâ€¦|_" Astrid's voice came from the doorway, startling both dragon and rider.

Hiccup grinned and pulled her inside, closing the door.

"I smelled bread. Baking again?" she smiled.

Hiccup nodded, still grinning, and started prancing about again, Astrid joining in. Toothless resumed his humming.

"_My dearest one, my darling dear, your mighty words astound me, but I've no need of might deeds when I feel your arms around me!"_ Astrid laughed as she added ingredients into the bowl.

"_But I would bring you rings of gold; I'd even sing you poetry. And would keep you from all harm if you would stay beside me!"_ Hiccup replied as he mixed them all together

"_I've no use of rings of gold, I care not for your poetry, I only want your hand to hold!"_ Astrid grabbed Hiccup's hand as he finished stirring, spinning him around as his other clutched the bowl with the batter inside.

"_I only want you near me!"_ Hiccup sang as he poured the mix into a pan.

"_To love to kiss to sweetly hold for the dancing and the dreaming. Through all life's sorrows and delights I'd keep your love inside me. I'd swim and sail on savage seas with ne'er a fear of drowning and gladly ride the waves of life if you would marry me!"_ they finished as they placed the pan above the fire and sat down to wait for it to bake. All three souls laughed.

What they didn't notice were the two others who had witnessed the event.

Valka smiled. Stoick thought his son was nothing like him, but she knew the truth. Her only regret was that she figured it out after his untimely death.

He was a mixture of both of them: the chief and the dragon rider. And he was doing a fine job as acting as that bridge.

(But one thing kept nagging her in the back of her mind: what happens once that bridge is burned?)

A/N: *Smirks*.

Disclaimer: I own nothing except plot idea.

End
file.